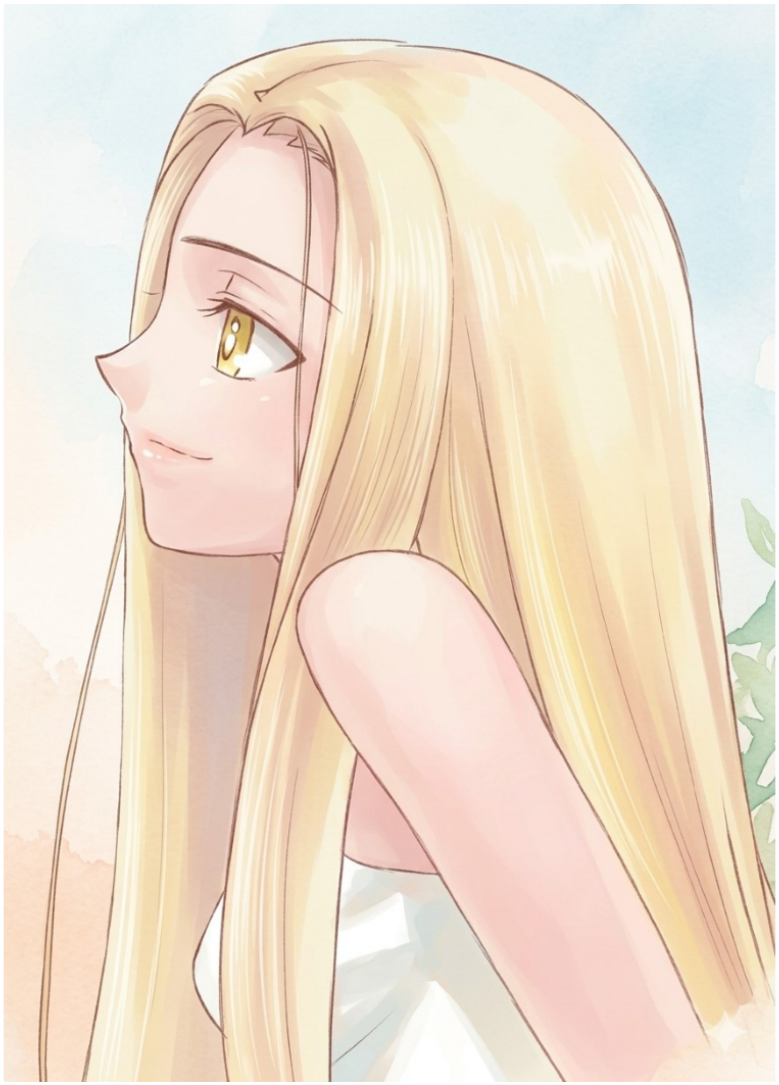

Kinoko Nasu

Notes.

Translated by Evospace
EPUB made by BloodZero

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Dictionary

Note by the EPUB creator (me): if you see highlighted text during your read, it's because some words needs a definition by the dictionary included in this EPUB, if you tap on the highlighted text you will be sent directly to the word's definition.

Good read to you all!

P.S.
When you've finished reading check the last voice of the dictionary, there is a nice gem awaiting ;)

Preface

This was what I wrote when I was invited to make an anthology comic on the topic of angels. However, the anthology wasn't text based and the other two were artists, so I was in trouble. What is the meaning of a novel when over half of the book was pictures? Especially when it's a short novel. That's how I came up with the irregular "Notes" after my doubtfulness. I remember that I was pretty satisfied with what I came up with, considering that it was

completed in a short amount of time. Although, it's unpleasant to the eyes, it brings back memories when I cut and pasted what I typed out from the word processor. ...If I ever get a chance, I would like to make this into a real series of story too. I always think about that when I look at the Black Barrel.

Chapter 0

GODO

angel notes.
the metter of knights arms.
...and over count 1999
type: other

The aircraft rose further up in the troposphere.
The sea of ashen clouds had yet to disappear.

Iron wings soared in the grey sky
To annihilate the common enemy of the human race.

At the end of the battle, all but one of the aircrafts that had participated in the mission were destroyed.
Perhaps he was lucky that an

obsolete AI was piloting it.
The AI controlled plane was the only one that was unaffected by the heat of the enemy.

I continued to fly by myself.
The organic pulsations echoing in the machine were just as I thought, belonged only to myself.

I opened the hanger and drew out my gun.
The air flowing in the machine was cold, burning his lungs.
The internal temperature had reached below zero. The coat he wore carried minimum meaning.
It was at a level that would just barely sustain organic life.

This aircraft, which had only been intended to act as a transport for

flight-capable species, was unequipped with weaponry.
If I were to fight, I had to risk my life.

Arctic cold and rampaging winds.
The corpses of my comrades, spinal fluid leaking out from the noses and ears, laid behind me.
An old aircraft which could crash at any moment.
The situation was so absolutely bleak that I felt like singing out loud.

Holding the Black Barrel, which I modified for sniping, I did nothing but await for the enemy.
For the moment the enemy would enter the scope.
For the moment I could pull the trigger and be at ease.

Seven days had been added to the clock on the plane.
Only 7 days have passed.
My paralyzed brain felt that I could continue staying like this for another month, or maybe another year.
My body was always on the verge of collapsing.

How many days and months have it been?
My mind,
My language,
Myself,
Just when I had lost everything,
I recollected everything back.
The gunsight caught the enemy.
I pulled the trigger without hesitation.

My brain that punched through its limits, was scorched.

Just one brief moment before I fell into unconsciousness,
Just one slight moment before I blacked out,
Just a moment before I was about to fade away, I witnessed the form of my enemy.
How,
Beautiful.

----------Between a rift in the clouds, I saw an angel.

Chapter 1

Original Sin

So after I came back home from work, I saw an angel in my room holding a guitar.
...I guess I've finally gone insane.
Long, blond, wavy hair and a pure white one-piece dress.
A face that left hints of girlish youth and... a ring of light floating on top of her head?
If this wasn't an angel, I sure as hell didn't know what one was supposed to be.

"Good evening."
The Angel bowed with an awkward smile.

After rubbing my eyes, I walked

inside. The Angel kept standing in the middle of the room holding the guitar, and for some reason was looking at me excitedly.

"Ok, who the hell are you?"

"I'm an angel," she laughed with a smile.

"Yeah, I can tell. What I meant was, why are you in my room? If you're here to sell yourself, you came to the wrong room. I hate to break it to you, but I'm not making enough cash to buy an angel."

Um, Im not here for that. Um, what's the best way of putting it? I'd like to do your housework."

I can do that by myself. Get out.

" Now, I just can't do that. You see, I can do anything!"
Since she was full of confidence, I let her clean the place up. The result: a scene far more gruesome than a tragedy.

"...Um, my cooking's perfect the angel said, quickly sticking her index finger up.

"No thanks. I can't take factory produced food. It has too much nutrition and the veins will rupture. You get what I'm saying?"

The Angel nodded. Seems like she at least knew that I was a human not part of the A-ray species.

"Ok. So what else can you do?"

"I can play the guitar!" she said happily, stroking the guitar.

Her blue guitar was one of the types that used electricity to produce sound.
It wasn't the kind of merchandise that went well with angels.
And not just that. She just plain sucked.

"Get out."
I took the Angel's hands and kicked her out from the window.

Days passed and I went to the hospital.
"There is nothing wrong with your brain," answered a fish-faced doctor.

And so, everyday after finishing

work, I wasted energy chasing away that Angel.
Eventually, I gave up bothering to.

"The sky, it's dark," the Angel muttered as she looked out at the sky from the window.

An Angel that didn't even know that.
Figures. She didn't seem to be one of the artificial angels included in the A-Rays.
"Hey. Where'd you come from? I'm guessing you're not an A-Ray on this side of the rift."

"I'm not an A-Ray."
Then what are you?
"I'm a being that was created from the hopes and dreams of the people living in this city.
That's why I'm so pretty. I'm glad

that everyone had such pure souls."
The angel twirled around happily.
The edge of her skirt wavered like a dress.

Now that she mentioned it, she seemed unreal. The angel was too beautiful to be an inhabitant of the Land of Steel.
Her golden hair was so dazzling, that instead it projected poison.
So that means...she's an illusion that only I could see?

"Erm, so why is the manifestation of everybody's imagination in my room?"

"Because it's you who killed me!"

She seem to be mad that I didn't realize that, more so than the fact

that I "killed" her.
When I asked her if she came here to get revenge, she answered back, "What's revenge?"

The angel turned out to be pretty handy and learned many things gradually. Now she apparently grasped what it means to clean. The only exception was anything involving the guitar.

"I'm not improving with the guitar at all. I'm playing it just like I'm imaging it, but what I'm thinking and what's coming out are completely different."

Ah, so there was a song she wanted to play. Of course, she wouldn't get any better.

"No shit. That guitar hasn't been tuned."
Yep. It was screwed up from the beginning.

The Angel tilted her head and asked, "What's tuning?"

Chapter 2

Public Garden

A female body having a pair of bird wings on the back. On top of that, it if also has a beautiful form, then that life form is called an angel.

My job was to shoot down twenty of those angels a day. That's why it wasn't that surprising for me to be seen as an enemy by all who were angels.

I came to this city a year ago. The strangest city within the land of steel.
No plants were able to grow on the soil of this planet. However, there

were numerous grey colored trees within the city, and even an withered grass field on top of a hill. In the hill at the center of the city, there were two gigantic trees that covered the sky. These trees reached the sea of clouds, and it was called the World Trees for their size.

I chose my job as an angel hunter. In this city, angel came down from the sky and attacked people everyday. Although they do attack people, they're only at an annoying level of wild dogs, and not many were actually affected.
But if we left them alone, the city would be filled with angels, so the city council had to hire hunters.
I don't know if the angels have a set

location they come down to, but I saw a lot of them in the forest of the city outskirt.

Pulling on the trigger of the gun, I absorbed the impact on my shoulder. The naked angel fell down and hit the floor as it was shot right in the forehead.
On the floor of the forest, there were leaves and countless number of dead angels.
Going across the rough surface of the earth, I return into the walls that surrounded the city. A beast man who was appointed another area was waving his hand as he approached me.

"Hey. How's it going."

"Not much. Three coppers per kill. If

I consider the cost of the bullet, I won't even have single copper for myself."

"It's because you use a gun. If you're a man, use your body."

"Well I'm sorry but I'm not that well built. I even need to take medication in order to get oxygen. I'm doing my best just to live"

"I see. You humans are so inconvenient."

"Indeed. Being human is inconvenient"

Yes, in this world humans are certainly inconvenient.
That's why human beings in the old age made a lot of creative tools. As a

result A-rays were invented, and that ended up as the Great War.

That's how pure human beings were gone.

After a free loader called the angel stayed at my house, I increased my work load.
That angel ate food. Although the materials produced at the factory is free, there's a limit to it. So I had to increase my daily quota from twenty to thirty.
...How ironic was it to kill more angels to feed an angel.

"You're working hard lately"

"I'm just releasing my stress. Those targets actually look very alike to the cause of my stress, and makes this

lame job exciting."

I couldn't help it and let it out. The beast man tilted his head.

"It's good thing that you're dedicated to your job. But watch out, they said there were some Knights who were inspecting the forest. I heard a Demonic Sword user was looking at you."

"----What does that mean? Is there an Aristoteles coming this way?"

"I dunno. More importantly, our pay is supposedly lowered this month again. That's a more realistic problem."

"Right. Is the financial bureau ready to kill us now?"

"I never done anything wrong though."

Said a prisoner who murdered over fifty human species.

The beast man sighed as he looked at the pile of dead angels scattered across the forest.

"Hey, you think we can eat them?"

He muttered a bad idea.

"Forget it. You'll be punished by heaven, I bet"

I made an obvious reply as I shrugged my shoulders.

Chapter 3

Roman

On my way home from work, I got caught by an angel.
Not the Angel at home, but an actual angel within the A-ray branch.

"You're not very sociable lately. Rejecting an invitation from a pretty person like me, you must be an impotent."

She said that as she pushed me into a bar and offering a glass of alcohol.
...It's true I haven't spoke to her for about a half a year.

While we were having some casual conversation, a bunch of hecklers butted in. They say the angel should

accompany the A-rays instead of that human. I thought so too, but she shut them up by a glare.

"I'm sorry, were you offended?"

"Yeah, I don't feel good about it, but they're right. Why do you care about someone like me. Don't the A-rays find a love partner in order to produce stronger species? I won't be able to create strong children."

"It doesn't hurt for an exception, does it? Besides, our outside appearance matters more for us. There's not many species that are close to the angels, and you're my type. There's no problem."

She said that as she drank the purple fizz in her glass.

Her appearance was a real angel. Her wings weren't used for flying, but used as a dish to collect the heavy particles in the surroundings. The angel species were able to fly without wings. Originally being the protectors of the A-ray called the Six Sisters, the angels were considered to have an equal fighting power as the Knights who carried the Demonic Sword.
In other words, they can perform a destructive activity as a nuclear bomb on their own.

As we drank more alcohol and more or less of our true characters were shown, she asked a weird question.

"Hey, why do you use a gun?"

"Humans can't use Gin like you A-rays, you know. Our strength is limited as well, so it's natural we have to rely on weapons. What other practical firearms are there other than a gun?"

"Hmm. That means humans aren't made to fight. But why do you still fight?"

"...Let's see. If I recall correctly, my family was killed when I was small. That's when I dug up a gun and practiced shooting so I can take revenge."

"Oh, typical."

Yeah, it's typical, I tried to laugh, but I couldn't. I never succeeded in trying to make a forced smile.

"But doesn't a family mean they were of the same species? I never heard of any humans living around here."

"I haven't told you, have I. I was originally born in West Land. The other side of the great rift."

"West Land... You mean the continent that got wiped out by the Black Aristoteles-----?"

Surprised, she fell silent. When West Land was completely scorched, I was a kid of only 12 or 13.

An old story from almost 7 years ago.

"By the way, do you still do that job?"

"I do. There isn't any other job opportunity for a halfwit like me. I don't want to be kept under a protection as rare species either. ...What, are you still complaining? They are different from you. Don't be so concerned, it's silly."

"I am concerned. I don't mind others to do it, but it makes me angry to think that you out of all people are killing angels everyday. Hey. Why do you hunt angels?"

--------That is because I am twisted.

"-------It's my job, I can't help it. "

I said that without looking at her eyes. She gave me a cold look, seeing through my lie.

"You're right. You've quit thinking. That's why you don't feel any pain. But, on the other hand, you don't feel any happiness either. You never have fun by recalling the past either. Your life must be like the machine you use. That's why you need to rely on something simple like logical reasoning in order to motivate yourself.

The angel said that with a discontent expression. But what's so wrong with being a machine. A theory that higher life forms having emotions was a real fantasy.

"What's wrong with you today? You seem to be very picky"

"No kidding. It's because you won't talk to me"

"A drunken angel isn't very appealing."

"What do you mean. I may look like this, but I'm very popular in my home town."

Answering, yeah yeah, I sipped on my glass. I was suppose to restrain myself tonight, but I'm passing out before her.

The angel asked me her last question.

"Hey, why do you fight?"

That's because I don't want to die.

"Then, why don't you want to die?"

Probably because I want to live.

"Why do you want to live?"

That's obvious.

Because, I never got to experience anything good.

"...Is that so. Needing logical reason in order to live, you're an underdeveloped life form."

Saying that, she left first.

But how can I help it. Because the human race kept on living by their instinct, the world died once. Having to rely on pessimistic reasoning is the only punishment given to the humans who were left behind.

Chapter 4

After Images

Slipping through the busy streets of the city, I returned to my room.

The Angel was stubbornly still there.

It's winter soon. The temperature would break the critical freezing point and the city would soon literally freeze.

But I didn't think of passing my second winter in this city.

"There's a lot of commotion in the city lately."

The Angel said that as she looked down from the window.

The large window, larger than the Angel, looked like a window of a church that I once saw in a picture book.

The Angel with blond hair and bright white wings bent over with a sad face. Behind her, the city and two World Trees were blurry like a mirage.

...Everything was inside a world in steel color. Only this Angel was pretty as if it was a nightmare.

The Angel looked down at the distant ground.

The city was packed with people who were trying to leave.

"Um. What is everyone doing?"

"They are moving out all together. The neighboring area was destroyed by a three thousand meter Aristoteles. Calculating its progressing route, they said it will pass through this city in three days."

"Above, me?"

"Above us. It might collide with the World Tree. Either way, everything in its path is destroyed. It's obvious why people are running away"

"Oh, so that's why everyone's so desperate"

The Angel said that as she looked down vacantly.

Glancing at the Angel who's just standing there, I started packing my belongings. I pushed winter equipments and clothing, personal air maker, and several guns into my bag. I decided to leave everything else behind.

"Are you going too?"

"Yeah, because I don't want to die. But not right away. I'll go out on my own after the commotion down there dies down."

The Angle sadly lowered her eyes. Because she was always happy for no reason, just that made her look really lonely.

"...This may be the last time, so let me you ask you a question. What

were you after all?"

The Angel made a sigh without any seriousness.

I can only make out that she wasn't the existing species of angels.
That's why----- I wanted to know the truth, at least in the end.

A plain reply of the Angel.
"What everyone calls the Aristoteles"
You didn't know? The Angel looked at me like that.

Aristoteles. A thing that suddenly appeared on this planet and became an enemy of all living things. An unpredictable enemy where not only was there no method of communication, their biological structure as a living thing was

unclear.

And that was, at a little city like this, in a room of a deserted tower, shaped like an angel, and playing a guitar? What kind of joke was that? ...No living things on this planet was able to stand up against this life form, what a punishment by God.

"Really? You?"

"Oh no, the thing at the base of this city to be exact. What I was, was shot down and fell to this place. It was an instant death. Trees grew and people started living on top of that."

The Angel goes on. This planet has no longer any power to raise life. That's why greens wouldn't grow, but if it was on top of another life

instead of the earth, they would.

"I'm normally not that kind of thing, but I ended up like this. What everyone calls the World Trees are the wings of what used to be me. ...umm in other words, feathers of the wings. The falling feathers took shape of what I used to look like. I was originally that kind of invading life form. It's not the angels that were originally on this planet."

"But you're still shaped like an angel"

"Because I am everyone's fantasy. The body of what I used to be died already, but it seems something like the mind was still alive. But a concept of a mind never existed to me. The species of this planet have a wonderful ability to form a shape out

of knowledge. Using everyone as a model, I formed a shape out of my knowledge that I had but never used. The reason I'm shaped like an angel is because it's the closest image of the shape of what I used to be. That's how I was able to communicate with everyone by creating the same thought circuit. I was able to become myself by taking form of the imaginary angel."
The Angel detached herself from a thing called Aristoteles by becoming an illusion. She was able to acknowledge herself for the first time by becoming something not herself. ....She's already noone, but a manifestation of an angel that the people imagined on their own.

"Are you, happy?"

The Angel happily replied, yes.

Only an illusion stood here.

"-----I see, an angel can only live within an imagination."
I happened to recall the definition of an angel.
That it had wings, an halo, being really beautiful, and then, it's only an illusion-----
After all, a thing that brings you hope, can only be an fantasy.

When I thought about that, the angel sadly replied, you're right.

"I wish I was a real angel"
With an appearance that looked more like an angel than an actual

angel, she said something like that.

Chapter 5

How a Star is Born

A huge flying cross moved away within the ashen clouds.
That thing which changed its course started disappearing from sight as it kept on pouring the rain of judgment.

-----It seems like the battle is over.

The air plane that I was on kept on increasing its altitude through the troposphere.
On the side of the plane was a big hole.

The wounded iron bird could no longer listen to what's told to do. It just kept on flying till its end as if it's

the dream of all who have wings.

Soon or later, it will fly out of the ashen sea of clouds and reach the stratosphere. My body wasn't built so strong that I could breath at such place. But I don't have to worry about that. There's no guarantee that I would be alive by the time I reach there.

I leaned on the wall as I brought my gun down.

The door of the hanger remained opened. Just like how it once was, cold air blew in and I could see the earth very well.
Land without any colors. Even the ocean in the distance was colorless.

That was a world that is completely

dead.

Even then. This world of steel, even then, felt so precious and my vision blurred.

.....

I've seen something like this 5 years ago.

That day, the enemy that appeared through the clouds was beautiful than anything.
A pair of wings and a figure that somehow resembles a human. I shot that thing that looked like an angel. The bullet that is nothing more than a grain of bean to that thing, drilled into its forehead and dropped the angel.

That moment. The instant I pulled the trigger, our eyes met through the scope. There was no communication. That's all.

But since then, I kept dreaming of that thing falling down the sea of clouds, forever.

.....

The angel that accompanied the plane woke up. One of her wings was horribly ripped.

Being a high ranking species of the A-rays, she was naturally forced to join this mission, and jumped in here after getting heavily wounded.

She only came here to rest her wings, but we were out of luck. The

moment she came in when the hanger opened, the arrow of light hit this plane that was too close to the Cross.

The light pierced through her wing and the body of the plane, and took out her consciousness and the plane's AI.

And now several minutes later. The angel who was unconscious slowly woke up.

Good Morning, when I said that to her, she turned around and looked outside.
The thing called the Aristoteles was disappearing in the distant direction.

I told the angel who was spacing out our total loss and the success of the

mission.

The angel approached in joy. As she crawled on the floor since she couldn't stand up, her hand slipped on something wet.
My blood that spilled over the floor made a pool and dyed the angel's body red.

"When you------ shoved me aside?"

Without answering her question, I just gazed outside.
Over the limitless clouds, the air plane kept on flying upwards.

The sky that I saw for the first time, was different from what I read in the books.

"The sky, it's red"

Repeating a phrase that I once heard somewhere, I couldn't hold strength in my hand anymore. The Black Gun fell to the floor.

"The Black Gun. So you really were the person who shot the Bird down."

"...I guess. That's what people say. But I used all my luck back then. Look at this mess now."

"Idiot. Because you saved me..."

"How can I help it. I wouldn't want a pretty girl like you dying in front of my eyes."

I said something really showy. It was so silly that it made me laugh.

That doesn't suit your character, she said that too.

We just kept on laughing without looking each other's way.

It was a small, weak, and a gentle voice.

"You've changed. You weren't this honest with your feelings before. So it is true that you've found someone else than me."

...I wonder if there was really such thing. Although if it's the angel who said she rather be a fake, she must be still waiting in my room for me to return.

They say that angels cure one's mind, not one's body.

"But that's not true. People don't change because of others I was always like this. I just acted like I didn't care, but I really was a good person. You couldn't tell, could you?"
"Oh, really?"

"Yeah, really. I wanted to become an hero when I was small too. I was immature, probably now too.
...That's why go. You can probably still fly down to the ground even with one wing. You don't need to come with me"

She stood up and looked at me strictly for some reason.

"Are you going to be okay? To be alone till the end"

"Didn't I tell you? I want to look cool. Because I wanted to be a hero. And I want to be alone at the end. ----- Because I was all alone till now."
I think my clumsy forced smile went well.
Probably the best in my life.

"Good bye, then"

Flapping her single sided wing, she flew out.
She looked like a fish of an angel that swam in the red sea.

I stood up and sat on the cockpit.
Not knowing what I'm doing myself, I tried fixing the broken AI.

If I still have some luck left, my fate

might change.

When I closed my eyes, I heard a voice.

"Why did you fight?"

"Because I didn't want to die, of course"

"Why didn't you want to die?"

"Because I want to live, of course"

"...Then, why did you want to live?"

That's obvious. It's because------

At the farthest limit of my memory. Only that answer was different from before.

Chapter 6

Glitter Love

Just when I was about to leave the city, I got caught by a messenger of the military. Someone must have remembered an old story from 5 years ago and enlisted me in this mission.

When I returned to my room to pick up the Black Barrel that I left to rot, the Angel was still there.

"Are you going to fight that?"

"Looks like it. The Knights are assembling too, and the military's eager to do it. They're aiming to at least change the Cross's course. If that's it, then the possibility isn't

zero"

"It's impossible. Everyone doesn't understand what an Aristoteles is. That isn't a life form on this planet. There is no, chance of winning."

"How could that be? In reality, we have already defeated 3 Aristoteles. If we have more fire power than them, it's not an unstoppable opponent"

"I don't know about that. They can't be judged by this planet's common sense. That's why even a concept of death doesn't exist for them. They won't stop until they achieved their objective."

"Objective? You guys had such thing?"

"Yes. It's not our own objective but we do. They arrived here to fulfill the wish of this planet. ...This planet died by the influence of the life forms that lived on it. The planet itself doesn't have a feeling of grief. Even perishing by the influence of its own life forms is "All right". A planet only carries a will; it carries no meaning. "
But there was an exception. The planet is able to forgive it because the life forms follow the same fate as the planet. But the human species were able to live on, even on the dead land. This planet was frightened by the existence that kept on living on top of its death, and cried out for help at its end. Please, wipe out the life forms that are still alive."

"...I see. So that's who you guys were"

When I muttered that, the Angel said no, as she shook her head.

"The only ones who were able to hear the cry of the planet, were also planets. I, no, we were the highest ranking species of those planets who received the will of this planet. For example, The Aristoteles that was called the Heaven's Corpse... what I used to be, was the most superior individual on Venus."

"Wha...t?'

Without knowing, I lost my breath. Our enemy were species that ruled over the alien branches of another planet, where our common sense

doesn't apply. The strongest life form on a planet, was in other words, the planet itself. The human species who survived on this planet, to put it simple, were fighting 8 planets.

"---Yeah, there's no chance of winning. You got that right"

Yes, the Angel nodded sadly.

"On top of that, it's them who are right. ...geez. If the humans accepted the prophecy in the 2000th year, we would have gotten away by just being the victim "

"No...! The ones who are wrong are the Aristoteles. They don't have any will. Isn't it a bad thing to erase lives without having a will?"

The Angel who learned the common sense of this planet said that.

But there was no longer any notion of right or wrong on this planet. The only simple rule was that you either live or die.

That's why---- because I lived till now, I'm not going to be on the dying side.

"It won't change anything. I don't have any reason to fight either. I probably will never have any. At the point that we are just killing each other for no reason, we are equal. Isn't this the most simple way of life?"

The Angel won't answer.

"What are you going to do? Even if you have the same objective, that Cross and you are different things right? Then your body will be destroyed along with this city. You said you died instantly, but that's in our standards. I doubt the concept of death on this planet applies to a life form on another planet. Aren't you able to move already?"

The Angel facing down shook her head.

"No. If I move, the outer shell of the wings will shatter. All the leaves of what everyone calls the World Tree will fall. If that happens, uncountable numbers of angels will come pouring down. If that happens, everyone will die before the Aristoteles comes"

The gloomy Angel said that.

...She's right. The number of leaves of the tree that reaches the clouds is far more than the number of surviving human species. Billions of released angels will cover the whole planet in no time.

"But you'll die if you don't"

"It's all right. I am the people here. I am only an image created by them."

"It's just that they provided you knowledge. You are different from us. To you, we are just simple accessories. You should hurry up and take it off so you'll feel light."

The Angel sadly smiled, and again shook her head.

"You're an idiot."

"I know I am. But I can't help it. ----------I love this place."

With teary eyes, the Angel said that with a feeling of satisfaction.

How can I argue with that?

"...Okay. I suppose that can't be helped."

Yes, as the Angel nodded her head, she stared at me. Her straight eyes were asking me, how about you?

"I'm going to die soon, you know. I think you can at least tell me that and the heavens won't punish you."

...The punishment itself that came to this planet said that irresponsibly. As I carried my belonging on my back, I replied.

"Yeah. I'll be honest. I love this city too. ----------Besides, since that moment, I was obsessed with you."

Huh, the Angel opened her eyes widely in surprise.

"----U,um. What does that mean?"

"It must mean I've fallen in love with you, since then. I just realized that now"

When I threw out the words, the Angel sparkled her expression, but quickly put her head down.

"But I'm not a human being"

The Angel realized something like that just now.

....Geez, She's a real idiot.

"You know. There's only one human being left in the world and that's me. What does that have to do with anything?"

"Oh you're right. "
The Angel nodded in impression.

There's nothing else to talk about. I started walking outside as the time of the military gathering approached.

"See you. Go to someone with a better dream next time. You can become a real angel if you do that"

----My imagination was always twisted somewhere.

When I looked back at her one last time, the angel answered in a gentle expression, no.

"There's no such thing as a real angel. I rather stay a fake one."

The fantasy said that it will stay as a fantasy.

Is that so? Convinced, I left the room.

All that was left in the room was my older sister's guitar and the fake angel.

Dictionary

[over count 1999]
Land of Steel
A planet that died. A globe that reached its end. A world where living things can't live.
The name of the world in the present time. It's not its official name, but a nick name passed down between the people who live in the corrupted land. Like the name Land of Steel indicates, a large part of the continent are now wild lands that are torn apart, covered by a tainted gray colored cloud.
Food can't be grown, and the atmosphere is no longer suited for the animals.
To put it in a human species way, a drastic end of a century. But even

after the mother planet died, the humans were able to live on with its developed civil technology.
Even the planet's end where people once imagined, couldn't bring an end to mankind. [a-ray]
Hundred Subspecies
Next generation primates that were created by the human species who used up all the planet's resource. They were modeled after the living things that used to exist on the planet. They were modified/ enhanced in order for them to survive on the corrupted planet. There were numerous branches to the A-rays, and they were categorized into about 100 major species. From 1 to 10 consists of only one type of A-rays each and not a mass.
Some carry the genes of humans and

they look like us, but a large part of them are mix/evolved form of various creatures and primates.
[liner]
Human Species
Human race on the Land of Steel. Evolved form of the old human beings who adapted to this world without changing their shape. They technically belong to the A-rays as well.
They were able to adapt and live on today's environment, but they still don't carry any ability more than a normal human being.
They are building a country in order to reconstruct their old civilization.
Cease-fire with the Hundred A-rays.
[Babel's Tale]
The Great War
After the death of the planet, there was a war between the survived

human race and the Hundred A-rays. Mankind in order to survive, and the A-rays to rule the world.
Under the Six-Sisters who united the unmassed A-rays, the human race were on the verge of defeat. Near the end of the war, mankind created the Knights and the Human Species, and it further killed the planet that's already dead.
There was no victor to this war. It was interrupted by an intruder that suddenly appeared and nearly wiped out both sides. [Ether Liner]
Knights
Life form that received an even stronger effect from the drastic environment. They wield a special weapon called the Demonic Swords. Aggressive species that can fight the A-rays equally without any support of firearms of the old age. There are

currently 78 Knights enlisted. [knight arms]
Demonic/Magical Sword
The name of the weapon that Knights carry.
All human species born in this world are effected by Gin. Babies born with a large amount of Gin in them shape it as if it's their bones during their lives, and when they reach adulthood, it is laid outside their body. Because it is created with the unanalyzed entity Gin, it is able to cause various effects and its power is strong enough to be considered a weapon.
Only few humans can shape the Demonic Swords, and those who carry a Demonic Sword powerful enough to be used for war are considered as Knights. Only one Demonic Sword exists per Knight.

[grain "Ether"]
Gin
Space dust. Name given to all the harmful and unpredictable particles generated from the planet that lost its function. Although it is harmful to humans, sometimes it gives an unique effect to their body, and some call it Ether. The Hundred A-rays, Human Species, Knights, are all new species created by this Gin. The energy transfer rate of the Gin scattered in atmosphere is incredible, and it resulted in a new level of warfare that was never possible on this planet.
With A-rays who can take in Gin into their body and Demonic Swords crystallized by Gin, all the weapons of the old age became useless. [Last-Seed]
Humans

Human species who hasn't received any modification, or their descendent. Since they are no longer able to survive on this planet, it is said that they are on the verge of extinction.
In order for humans to live outside, they need support from medication or machines. They can't directly inhale the air, nor can they eat the food made in the factory because they raise the physical ability too much that they become poisonous.
They are rare, but have no value.
[cloud sky]
The Sky, it's Dark.
Sky covered by clouds. The thick layers of cloud hides the sky since the great war. It doesn't mean the sky is gray; they just can't see the sky.
[No.20 Guardian Angel]
Angel

Artificial angels within the Hundred A-rays. The 20th species within the 100, but it is equal to the top 10 just considering its power to destroy objects. A mass that protects a single A-ray species. The original is an angel in the largest religion of the old age. A human type that has a pair of bird wings.
Aggressive species that uses the absorbed heavy particle that scattered in the atmosphere after the world got destroyed as its source of power. [Ultimate ONE]
Aristoteles
8 Life forms that appeared near the end of the war. Unknown existences. Not only their appearance, but each of their biology differs significantly. The reason they used this name is a mystery, but the origin is probably a scientist from the old age.

Considering mankind and A-ray as their enemies, they repetitively attacked them indiscriminately. Mankind were broken their platform completely, and the hundred A-rays decreased in number significantly by them.
After the Great War was over, they slowed down their activity by the sea of clouds that covered the sky, but they still continue to slaughter the living things on the planet.
Since then, the human species and the A-rays ceased fire, and till they destroy the common enemy, they grouped themselves together as the human race. [No.1 saving system to earth]
The Six Sisters
At the time of the Great War, beings that ruled over the Hundred A-rays. It's said that they look just like

humans, and that all six looked like witches in a fairy story wearing a black hat and riding on a broom stick. Each one of them carried an ability that surpasses all the hundred A-rays.
Near the end of the Great War, the youngest sister, "Judge" was defeated by a Knight, but her death cry tore apart a continent. The whereabouts of the remaining five is unknown.
[type:jupiter]
The Black Aristoteles
An Aristoteles that appeared in the western continent.
A black giant several dozen kilometers in size. Its form was pretty close to a human.
It was actually a group of black photon gas, and theoretically its size can expand infinitely. It carries a unknown core in its center that can

only be described as an artificial sun, and the gases are emitted from this object.
Of the 8 Aristoteles, it eliminated the most living things. The western continent went on an all out battle, and it wiped them out without a scar. ... Although there's probably no such thing as a scar to this Aristoteles.
After this incident, a team of Knights were sent to the western continent. After a fierce battle, it was sliced into half by the demonic sword of Knight Edem, the Slash Emperor. The chopped artificial sun went berserk and burned the whole western continent. [type:saturn]
The Cross
A cross shaped Aristoteles that is 3000 meters long.
It's outer shell is composed of an

illuminating mineral, and there's nothing else. This flying object fires a rain of light to the ground from its body.
The rain is a cross shaped electric impact that is a meter long, and it explodes as it hits the ground, annihilating the living things around it. There are variations to this cross shaped light and some causes an earthquake that tears apart the earth as it lands on the ground. The crosses struck on the ground are just like tombs spread about on the wild land.
aka the Flying Fortress, it seems to be the leader of the Aristoteles's that are on the planet. [Longinus]
Black Barrel
A black rifle that the Gun God uses. Created by a mineral that counters all Gin, it's a weapon that is feared by life forms that carry any slight

amount of Gin.
But because all living beings that exists in the world are affected by Gin, it is impossible for them use or even touch it.
The God killer gun. If the target creature is stronger... in other words, the more Gin it carries, the more powerful the bullet becomes.
...Today, only the rare species that weren't able to evolve and doesn't carry any Gins can touch this gun.
[blood sky]
The Sky, it's Red.
The Sky in this world. Above the gray sea of clouds, there is not a blue, but a red sky.
It's not because of a pollution, but from the blood of one of the Aristoteles that appeared near the end of the Great War, Type-Pluto.
In order to not let Pluto enter the

planet's atmosphere, the Six Sisters fought it and killed each other at the same time, and its blood covered the whole planet as a result. The gray cloud is said to be a shield that the Six Sisters placed.
Within this red sky, the two Aristoteles that are prevented from entering the planet is floating like fishes that swim in the sea.
[type:venus]
Heaven's Corpse
An aristoteles estimated to be a thousand meters long. It appeared after the Great War and was flying in the sea of clouds. Its shape was never confirmed by anyone, and its details was unknown.
A life form that had a pair of wings, and compared to the other Aristoteles's, it was close to this planet's species

According to the records, it was shot down in the mission by the Knights in the 83rd year of the new calendar, and it fell somewhere on the continent. Originally, it was a life form that lands on the earth of a planet, rooting itself, and spreading its spore as it eats away the planet. It can also be described a gigantic carnivorous plant.
...It was put to an eternal sleep by the Black Barrel. [GODO]
Gun God
..."His" nick name given upon the mission of the "Bird drop" Some sarcastically called him a god imitator.
A rare pure human. He excavated the Black Barrel from a sealed area, and made it his gun.
Died during the intercept mission of Type-Saturn. [Ultimate ONE]

Aristoteles
Life forms that came from the other planets.
They were the strongest life forms on their respective planets, and each of them had the power to wipe out all the remaining living beings in this world.
The name Aristoteles was given by the humans, and they have no such things in the first place. The Aristoteles don't fight each other, and they just freely fly around killing things.
Several Aristoteles among them contacted mankind learning about this planet's concept of "knowledge".
After Type-Saturn, who received orders from their respective planets and sent it to the others, got eliminated, they entered a final war with the human race. [Type-Moon]

It didn't appear in Notes, but it said in an interview long time ago that it's a secret boss in Notes who carries the Demonic Sword, "Real of the World" (True World?)

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